

Silverman, Jerry Immigrant Songbook Pacific, MO
No Irish Need Apply Mel Bay Publications
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Irish immigrants were more often than not greeted by a less than royal reception when they landed in America. But they fought back in deeds as well as in song. "Meagher's men, and Corcoran's Brigade" refers to Irish-American regiments which distinguished themselves during the Civil War.

Ireland

By John F. Poole

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a melody line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. Chord symbols (G7, C, F, Am) are placed above the vocal line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

G7 C F G7
I'm a de - cent boy, just land - ed from the town of Bal - ly - fad, _____ I

C F C Am G7
want a sit - u - a - tion, yes, I want it ver - y bad. I have

C F G7
seen em - ploy - ment ad - ver - tised, "'Tis just the thing," says I, _____ But the

C F C G7 C
dir - ty spal - peen end - ed with "No I - rish need ap - ply." _____ "Whoo," says

F C

I, "but that's an in - sult, tho' to get the place I'll try," — So I

D D7 G D7 G Chorus G7

went to see this black-guard with his "No I - rish need ap - ply." Some do

C F G7

count it a mis - for - tune to be christ-ened Pat or Dan; But to

C F C G7 C

me it is an hon - or to be born an I - rish - man.

I started off to find the house, I got it mighty soon;
There I found the ould chap saited: He was reading the
Tribune.

I tould him what I came for, whin he in a rage did fly:
No! says he, you are a Paddy, and no Irish need apply!
Thin I felt my dandher rising, and I'd like to black his eye —
To tell an Irish Gentleman: No Irish need apply! *Chorus*

I couldn't stand it longer: so, a houlth of him I took,
And I gave him such a welting as he'd get at Donnybrook.
He hollered: Millia murther! and to get away did try,
And swore he'd never write again: No Irish need apply.
He made a big apology: I bed him thin good-bye,
Saying: Whin next you want a bating, add: No Irish need
apply! *Chorus*

Sure, I've heard that in America it always is the plan
That an Irishman is just as good as any other man;
A home and hospitality they never will deny
The stranger here, or ever say: No Irish need apply.
But some black sheep are in the flock: a dirty lot, say I;
A dacint man will never write: No Irish need apply! *Chorus*

Sure, Paddy's heart is in his hand, as all the world does
know,
His praties and his whisky he will share with friend or foe;
His door is always open to the stranger passing by;
He never thinks of saying: None but Irish may apply.
And, in Columbia's history, his name is ranking high;
Thin, the Devil take the knaves that write: No Irish need
apply! *Chorus*

Ould Ireland on the battle-field a lasting fame has made;
We all have heard of Meagher's men, and Corcoran's brigade.
Though fools may flout and bigots rave, and fanatics may cry,
Yet when they want good fighting-men, the Irish may apply.
And when for freedom and the right they raise the battle-cry,
Then the Rebel ranks begin to think: No Irish need apply. *Chorus*



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